



Horatio Alger, Jr.

1832 - 1899

THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY OFFICIAL PUBLICATION NEWSBOY



A magazine devoted to the study of Horatio Alger, Jr.,
his life, works, and influence on the culture of America.

VOLUME XXXV

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1997

NUMBER 5

The saga continues:

Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold



-- See Page 9

Horatio Alger and the American Union — Part VI

-- See Page 5

President's column

Good news. We have volunteers for all of the 1997-1998 "Adopt-a-Newsboy" mailings. They are:

May-June, Murray Levin (PF-851); July-August, Tom Davis (PF-976); September-October, Bob Huber (PF-841); November-December, John Cadick (PF-858); January-February, Bill Gowen (PF-706); and March-April, John Dizer (PF-511). My personal thanks to this group.

Now . . . a challenge — how about next year? Now would be a great time for some of the others to step forward and volunteer for one of next year's mailings. The donation is only about \$200 per issue.

On Page 3, you will read about the report from the *ad hoc* financial committee, which was chaired by John Dizer. The committee has come up with a number of excellent suggestions which, if ratified at the next convention, will help us improve the Society's fiscal situation.

The by-laws of the Society call for two board of directors meetings per year. As a result, I have called a semiannual meeting, and just about the time you read this, we will have convened the weekend of Nov. 7-9 in the Chicago area, co-hosted by **Newsboy** editor Bill Gowen and Art Young and Sam Huang at Northern Illinois University. The meeting itself will take place the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. 8 at NIU's Founders Memorial Library.

Although some of the board members have indicated they will not be able to make the meeting, with luck, we will have a quorum. The list of those already committed to attend is encouraging.

By the way, the Midwest Bookhunters, an association of dealers, is holding its annual fall book fair in Chicago at Navy Pier on Sunday, Nov. 9. Several of us are planning to attend prior to departing for home.

A full report of our directors' meeting will be provided in the November-December **Newsboy**.

In my first president's column more than a year ago, I outlined four goals for my term. They were as follows:

1. *Working with Janice and Mike Morley, establish an HAS home page on the World Wide Web (WWW).* This opportunity to join the cyber-world was proposed by Janice and Mike at the 1996 convention.

2. *Work with Bill Gowen to add electronic mail E-mail addresses to the society membership roster.* Joe Slavin (PF-880) has been leading this effort and has many of us listed already. The 1998 membership roster will be mailed in

(Continued on Page 4)

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

To further the philosophy of Horatio Alger, Jr. and to encourage the spirit of Strive and Succeed that for half a century guided Alger's undaunted heroes — lads whose struggles epitomized the great American dream and flamed hero ideals in countless millions of young Americans.

OFFICERS

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Newsboy, the official newsletter of the Horatio Alger Society, is published bi-monthly (six issues per year). Membership fee for any 12-month period is \$20, with single issues of **Newsboy** costing \$3.00. Please make all remittance payable to the Horatio Alger Society.

Membership applications, renewals, changes of address and other correspondence should be sent to **Horatio Alger Society, P.O. Box 70361, Richmond, VA 23255**.

Newsboy is indexed in the Modern Language Association's International Bibliography.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY H.A.S.

- Horatio Alger, Jr., *A Comprehensive Bibliography*, by Bob Bennett (PF-265).
- Horatio Alger or, *The American Hero Era*, by Ralph D. Gardner (PF-053).
- The Fictional Republic: Horatio Alger and American Political Discourse*, by Carol Nackenoff (PF-921).
- Publication Formats of the 59 Stories by Horatio Alger, Jr. as Reprinted by the John C. Winston Co.*, by Bob Sawyer (PF-455) and Jim Thorp (PF-574).
- Horatio Alger Books Published by A.L. Burt*, by Bradford S. Chase (PF-412).
- Horatio Alger Books Published by M.A. Donohue & Co.*, by Bradford S. Chase (PF-412).
- Horatio Alger Books Published by Whitman Publishing Co.*, by Bradford S. Chase (PF-412).
- The Lost Life of Horatio Alger, Jr.*, by Gary Scharnhorst with Jack Bales (PF-258).

Newsboy ad rates: Full page, \$32.00; one-half page, \$17.00; one-quarter page, \$9.00; per column inch (1 inch deep by approx. 3 1/2 inches wide), \$2.00. Send ads, with check payable to Horatio Alger Society, P.O. Box 70361, Richmond, VA 23255.

The above rates apply to all want ads, along with ads offering non-Alger books for sale. However, it is the policy of the Horatio Alger Society to promote the exchange of Alger books and related Alger materials by providing space **free of charge** to our members for the **sale only** of such material. Send ads or "Letters to the Editor" to **Newsboy** editor William R. Gowen (PF-706) at 23726 N. Overhill Dr., Lake Zurich, IL 60047.

Report of the Financial Review *ad hoc* Committee

Committee's charge: Review the current fiscal condition of the Horatio Alger Society and develop strategies to improve that condition.

I. Revenues

A. The Committee recommends a two-tiered dues structure, the basic dues to be increased to \$25 a year, with the dues for seniors to remain at \$20.

B. The Committee recommends delinquent members be sent a letter enclosed in the current issue of **Newsboy**, explaining that "This will be your final issue ... and a self-addressed envelope is enclosed to expedite your payment. Please remit your dues at your earliest convenience." The committee recommends that mailings of **Newsboy** be cut off promptly for non-payment. Every effort will be made to encourage delinquent members to pay their dues and become active.

C. The Committee encourages both a sustaining membership campaign and an endowment campaign to increase financial support. We also suggest a continuing emphasis in **Newsboy** on our financial needs. This could be a function of the Board of Directors or might be better handled by special *ad hoc* committees.

D. The Committee sees a major need to encourage donations of all sorts for sale/auction at the annual meeting to benefit the Society. This should be an ongoing project and there should be a central repository during the year for donations for the annual auction, possibly at NIU.

E. The Committee suggests a major revamping of tailgate or private-room sales, the member and dealer sales and the various auctions held at the annual meeting. We suggest table fees for book dealers and feel that local book dealers should be encouraged to attend. This needs prompt and concerted effort.

F. The Committee suggests the Society mount a special effort to encourage H.A.S. members to attend the annual meeting. This would increase both direct and ancillary revenues, as well as encourage Society participation.

G. The Committee feels particular emphasis needs to be placed on all phases of recruiting — and retaining — new members.

II. Expenses

A. The Committee recommends that the membership be encouraged to participate in the "Adopt-a-Newsboy"

Convention '98 hotel information

Please make your hotel registrations now!

This will assist us greatly in planning for the 1998 H.A.S. Convention in Scottsdale, Arizona, April 30 to May 3, 1998.

You can phone the Scottsdale Pima Inn & Suites at 1-800-344-0262 (FAX: 1-602-443-3374) and tell them you are making your room registration for the 1998 Horatio Alger Society Convention.

program, to cover the mailing of each issue. The cost of such a mailing should be announced.

B. The Committee suggests encouraging book ads of all sorts in **Newsboy**, both from members and dealers, and charging a varying fee for them.

C. The Committee recommends that a formal financial committee be established to be charged to work with the Editor of **Newsboy** to advise in controlling costs. We consider the quality of the magazine to be excellent and we approve of continuing the publication of six issues per year, but the Committee feels additional help of various sorts may be necessary to keep the magazine on schedule.

1. This Financial Committee would also be charged with the financial management of the annual meeting (convention) and the general financial oversight of the Horatio Alger Society.

2. Both a Society annual budget and an annual meeting budget should be established and every attempt be made to meet those budgets.

D. The Society's annual awards should be examined, and the nature and meaning of the awards reviewed.

III. General

A. The Committee suggests that the Horatio Alger Society at present has little input from the Directors, and that a valuable resource is not being utilized.

B. Although it is beyond the scope of our charge, the Committee strongly recommends an *ad hoc* committee be established to examine all aspects of the Horatio Alger Society, including future direction, growth, finances and Society operations.

Respectfully submitted,

John T. Dizer, Chairman
Chris DeHaan
Mary Ann Ditch
Robert E. Kasper
Robert R. Routhier

Editor's notebook

This column will be brief, because this issue is, regrettably, a month late. I have been endeavoring to get back on our regular schedule (in the mail by the first day of the second month of that particular issue).

Because I want to get our new 1998 membership roster out before the end of the year, the November-December issue (with the roster enclosed) will likely be arriving in your mailbox along with your holiday cards and packages in mid-December.

As president John Cadick mentions in his column, we want to include E-mail addresses in the new roster for all members who have them. If you're on-line, just drop me a quick note by E-mail or regular mail. Our E-mail address is hasnewsboy@aol.com. Also, if your telephone area code or street or P.O. box address has been changed, let us know. This new H.A.S. roster will be in use for at least a year, so we want to make it as up-to-date as possible.

This weekend (Nov. 7-9) we are having a semiannual board of directors meeting here in the Chicago area. Details can be found in the President's Column, but if you have any last-minute items you want the board to discuss, call me the next day or so at 1-847-726-8946.

In this issue we are offering (for the second time in *Newsboy*), "The Blue Sash!", the sixth in our series of the seven known copies of Alger's stories for the *Boston American Union*. Of course, we know of a total of nine stories or sketches written by Alger for this publication, one under his own name and eight under the "Carl Cantab" pseudonym. That means we are missing two of them. We want to locate copies of the *American Union* issues of Oct. 1, 1853, which contains "A Boarding House Flirtation!" and Dec. 10, 1853, which contains "Who Rung the Bell?" We intend to find these missing issues, no matter the difficulty, and reprint the stories here.

The last few paragraphs of "The Blue Sash!" show how archaic our feelings toward racial sensitivity were in 1854. Remember, when Alger wrote this particular sketch the Civil War had not taken place and America's civil rights reforms were still more than a century away.

Change of address

Jeff Looney (PF-903)
8605 Bentrige Lane
Richmond, VA 23229
(804) 673-4180

President's column

(Continued from Page 2)

late December, so contact Joe and Bill Gowen within the next month if you have a new or updated e-mail address.

3. Help prepare for the centennial of Alger's death in 1999. As you know, the 1999 convention will be held at NIU.

4. Develop plans and ideas to increase our membership and convention attendance.

As those of you who are "on the net" know, **Item 1** was completed last spring, thanks to the great work done by Mike and Janice Morley.

Item 2 will also hopefully be completed effective with the mailing of our 1998 roster by the end of this year, as explained above.

Item 3 is still in progress, and I hope to have some proposals to present at the semiannual board meeting, mentioned above.

Item 4 has proven to be more difficult than I had hoped. In fact, after reviewing the report of the ad hoc financial committee, I have come to believe that our membership situation may be related to other issues that we need to address as a society.

Considering this, and considering that we are approaching the turn of the century, I believe it is appropriate for us to take a close look at (1) where we have been; (2) where we are; and (3) where we want to go. To this end, I have decided to appoint a **Long Range Planning Committee** to review our society and propose strategies to prepare us for continued success in the future.

In my next column, I will publish the new charge and goals of the committee. Because of the long range nature of this task, we are establishing an 18-month period for the committee's deliberations.

I am asking that the report be presented at the 1999 convention at NIU. Since the committee will extend into the next president's term, I will work closely with him or her to ease the transition during the change.

The committee will comprise the same members as the ad hoc financial committee, along with two additional members. The total committee membership:

Jack Dizer — Chairman	
Chris DeHaan	Bob Routhier
Mary Ann Ditch	Dick Pope
Rob Kasper	Peter Walther

If you have any ideas for the Society to improve its services, its membership, its image, or any other items, please contact one of the committee members.

Your partic'lar friend,
John Cadick
P.O. Box 495578
Garland, TX 75049-5578
E-mail: j.cadick@ieee.org

Horatio Alger and the **American Union**

Part VI

By Peter C. Walther (PF-548)

"The Blue Sash!" is simple and short: simple in that it covers the merest of incidents (there is minimal plot or character development and very little in the way of atmosphere or mood) and short, encompassing a mere column or so of newsprint.

The differences between stories and sketches have never been much enlarged upon, at least in these pages, but I should say that this tale is not a story at all but a sketch involving two characters and a carriage. It almost seems to me not worth the effort of committing it to paper, but who can tell what inspired Horatio Alger to

send it to the editorial office? It certainly represents a literary shortfall when compared to the previous **American Union** material as reprinted in this journal, and passes the time in an engaging manner; but that is about all that can be said for it.

The reference to John Gilpin toward the end of the sketch has eluded my detective work. Doubtless a contemporary fancier of horseflesh. The presence of the blue sash in the racing carriage, and the other occupant, could certainly have lent themselves to further plot construction it seems to me, had Alger been so inclined. See if you agree.

The Blue Sash!

By Carl Cantab

Gardner Churchill was an enthusiast. He did not like — he admired; he did not dislike — he detested. All his feelings and all his sensations were in the superlative degree. He was just the person to fall in love at first sight, marry within a week after acquaintance, and devote the remainder of his life to an ineffectual repentance of his precipitancy.

He was sitting in his room at the hotel one day at the open window. His friend Lyman Robbins was seated at a little distance. They were both discussing a fine cigar, conversing meantime about various topics, rather to pass away the time than from any strong interests which they felt, when all at once to his friend's astonishment, Gardner looked for a moment fixedly from the window, and then without a word of explanation darted from the room, in his hurry completely forgetting his hat, and dashing down stairs as if pursued by three furies.

Lyman put down his cigar, and followed with astonished eyes the exit of his friend.

"What is the matter with him?" thought he. "He must certainly be crazy."

Five minutes afterwards Gardner came back in a profuse perspiration brought on by his excessive

hurry.

"What in the name of all the saints possessed you to make off in that strange manner?" asked Lyman. "I had just come to the conclusion that you were a suitable subject for a Lunatic Asylum."

"The lady in the blue sash!" exclaimed Gardner, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "Didn't you see her?"

"The lady in the blue sash! What do you mean?" asked his friend in a tone of astonishment.

"Oh, I forgot. You don't know anything about it. Listen, and I will explain. It is now the third day that I have seen her riding past in a magnificent carriage drawn by two beautiful blood horses. She had a child with her — a beautiful child, with a most captivating countenance."

"Is she beautiful?"

"Beautiful! Can you doubt it?"

"Then you have seen her face?"

"Why, no," said Gardner, hesitating. "I can't exactly say I have seen her. But then I have seen the child, and judging from that the mother must be peerless."

"But how do you know that it is the mother?"

"I don't know, but I am firmly convinced of it."

"But you haven't told me yet what sent you out so suddenly. You didn't expect to take the carriage by storm?"

"Not exactly. The fact is, I was seized with an irresistible impulse, and I obeyed it. But when I got out the door of the hotel, I found that I had in my hurry left my hat behind me, so I was forced to return."

"Just as well, perhaps. You would have been at

(Continued on Page 6)

Editor's note: This is the sixth in our reprint series of the seven extant contributions by Horatio Alger, Jr. to the Boston **American Union** in the early 1850s, in most instances written under Alger's "Carl Cantab" pseudonym. "The Blue Sash!" was published in the **American Union** on June 10, 1854, and first appeared in **Newsboy** in the January-February 1984 issue.

The Blue Sash!

(Continued from Page 5)

a loss what to do if you had had it."

"I might have found out where the fascinating owner of the blue sash resides, and then if, as I believe to be the case, the charming creature is a widow, the problem of my life would be solved, and as her husband I should be supremely blest."

"Good heavens! Gardner, how you run on," exclaimed Lyman. "I sincerely hope that the blue-sashed heroine will keep out of the way, and thus prevent your committing an act of extravagance."

"Lyman," said Gardner, seriously, "you are not impulsive like myself. If you were, you would find that cool philosophy is no antidote for such a love as I feel for her —"

"Whose face you have not seen."

"Pardon me I have seen it."

"Just now you said you had not."

"In fancy."

"Pooh!"

Thus the conversation ended. Gardner was more determined than ever to follow the bent of his fancy, and find out the residence of the fair unknown.

As he was walking leisurely the next day, the carriage drove rapidly past him. Without a thought of how it would appear to those around him, Gardner commenced running after it. Finding that it was likely to outstrip him, he adopted a plan which came to him in this emergency.

Stopping a man who was driving along, he hurriedly exclaimed,

"Is your horse a fast one?"

"Yes," was the surprised reply.

"Could he keep up with that carriage, do you think?"

The man looked at it for a moment.

"Yes," said he. "I have no doubt of it. But why do so?"

"Take me in with you, and keep in sight of that carriage, and I will give you five dollars."

The man hesitated.

"There is no time to lose," said Gardner, eagerly.

"If five won't do you shall have ten."

"Done," was the answer. "Jump in."

The conversation which we have narrated above took place in much less time than we have taken to tell it.

In a trice Gardner was in the carriage, plying the steed with the whip till he dashed on at the top of his speed in pursuit of that in advance. The latter had

gained considerably while Gardner was concluding his bargain, so that the horse was pressed to his utmost speed.

It was a model race. John Gilpin might have stood abashed at seeing the cloud of dust which rose in dense volumes beneath the swiftly driven wheels of the rival vehicles.

"Faster! Faster!" exclaimed Gardner, with enthusiasm, as he bent out of the vehicle.

"he can't go much faster, and there isn't any need of it, unless you want to pass them."

"No, but if you could contrive to drive abreast so that I could look in."

"Yes, I think I could do it. Gee up, pony."

As they were dashing on with mad speed, and were scarcely a carriage length behind the object pursued, suddenly the blue sash appeared projecting from one of the windows.

"She's going to speak," said Gardner, breathlessly.

The blue sash was accompanied by an ebony face, betokening the greatest alarm, from the mouth of which proceeded these words:

"Gemmen, for the lub of Heaven, dont-ee drive so fast. You'll break our carriage all to smash, and kill me and little missis."

"Let me out, in Heaven's name," exclaimed Gardner. "Here's your money. Let me out. I don't want to go any farther."

"You've seen enough, have you?" asked the man with a grin — "I was thinking so."

Gardner's enthusiasm was effectually cooled, and by a five-mile walk back to town. Even now he is sometimes disturbed in his dreams by the vision of a blue sash with an ebony face peering behind it.

Previous installments in this series:

Old Simon, the Miser

(Vol XXXII, No. 6; November-December 1994)

Aunt Dorothy's Visit!

(Vol. XXXIII, No. 2; March-April 1995)

Mrs. Brown Stout!

(Vol. XXXIII, No. 4; July-August 1995)

Mrs. Smith's Soiree

(Vol. XXXIV, No. 2; March-April, 1996)

The Humpbacked Contributor

(Vol. XXXV, No. 2; March-April, 1997)

Copies of these back issues are available for \$3 each. To order, write: **Horatio Alger Society, P.O. Box 70361, Richmond, VA 23255.**

Signed . . . sealed and delivered

By William R. Gowen (PF-706)

In the July-August 1996 issue we began a series offering signed and inscribed books by the leading authors of juvenile fiction. Illustrated examples included the signatures and/or inscriptions of Horatio Alger, Jr., Edward Edson Lee ("Leo Edwards"), Edward Stratemeyer, Percy Keese Fitzhugh, Clarence B. Kelland and "Edwin Alger" (Jay Jerome Williams).

In subsequent months, several additional examples have been submitted by Particular Friends for publication in this ongoing series, and we offer a few of them on this page.

Additional entries in this series will be published as space permits.

If you have examples of signed or inscribed books, feel free to send a clear, unfolded photocopy of the book's inscribed or autographed flyleaf or title page, in a large flat envelope, to me at 23726 N. Overhill Dr., Lake Zurich, IL 60047. Duplicate or previously used authors may not be selected for reproduction in this series unless the inscription has unique interest to our readers.

Members who do not have a copy of the July-August 1996 *Newsboy* containing the above-listed authors' inscriptions can order it for \$3 from the Horatio Alger Society, P.O. Box 70361, Richmond, VA 23255.

To Ralph Griffey.
Your Aunt Katherine has asked
me to autograph this book, but
how can I when Skinny has drawn
up all the invisible ink?

Charles Pierce Burton.
Aurora, Illinois
December 18, 1934.

Skinny says, "Pedro," say.
No, "we've just got to leave
Ralph Griffey in the Band."

Sincerely your friend,
Charles Pierce Burton.
Aurora, Illinois
December 18, 1934.

These personalized inscriptions by Charles Pierce Burton were written on the same date in *The Raven Patrol of Bob's Hill* (top) and *Camp Bob's Hill* (bottom). They were submitted by Cary Sternick (PF-933).

To the boys and girls
of Owino Infant Library
with all good wishes
William Heyliger

From first edition of *The Silver Run* (Appleton-Century, 1934).

With all good wishes
very truly yours,
Ralph Henry Barbour

From first edition of *Four Afoot* (Appleton, 1906). The signature was written on a folded letterhead titled "Journey's End, Manchester, Massachusetts." A line "Christmas 1907" in a different hand was probably added by the book's owner.

Examples of inscribed books by Ralph Henry Barbour are uncommon. This one, above, along with the William Heyliger inscription at left, were submitted by Greg Foltz (PF-923).

MEMBERSHIP

New members

Demas Lamas (PF-995)
6829 Via Quito
Pleasanton, CA 94566
(510) 461-9711

Nancy Koppelman (PF-996)
509 Thomas St. NW
Olympia, WA 98502
(360) 705-4533

Nancy, a graduate student and history teacher, has an interest in American cultural history and one of her interests in Horatio Alger involves his portrayal of boot-blacks in his stories. She currently owns six Alger books.

Edward N. Zempel (PF-997)
BookQuote
2319-C West Rohmann Ave.
Peoria, IL 61604
(309) 672-2665 FAX: (309) 672-7853

Edward's company, The Spoon River Press, publishes **BookQuote**, billed as "The book trade bi-weekly for buyers and sellers of out-of-print, used and rare books." For information, contact him at the above numbers.

Steven Sutton (PF-998)
P.O. Box 285
S. Lancaster, MA 01561-0285

Steven learned about the Society from Ronald A. Murch (PF-970).

David H. Mills (PF-474)
P.O. Box 108
Little Deer Isle, ME 04650
(207) 348-6837

David, a clinical psychologist and previous Partic'lar Friend, has decided to reinstate his membership. He describes his interest in Alger as "eclectic" and owns about 80 titles. He first heard about the Society from Jack Bales (PF-258).

Robert D. Eastlack (PF-557)
2014 Walnut St.
Lebanon, PA 17042-5781
(717) 272-1331 E-mail: rdhebst@leba.net

Robert is another former longtime member who decided to rejoin. Welcome back!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Bill:

About 18 months ago, another collector, who was unaware of my admiration for the works of William Heyliger, suggested that I might also enjoy the works of Earl Reed Silvers. Since then, I have enjoyed a few of Silvers' books, such as *Dick Arnold of Raritan College*.

Recently, I acquired a copy of *Yank Brown, Forward*, as well as a copy of the *Yank Brown* four-in-one published by G&D. The *Yank Brown* Series, as I am sure you know, was written by David Stone, a contemporary of Silvers.

Since I was comparatively unfamiliar with the *Yank Brown* Series (Barse & Hopkins, 1921-25), I took a quick glance through the four-in-one. A few things about the series, e.g., *Yank* is from a small town in Kansas, he attended the same college that his father attended years earlier, matched the background of Dick Arnold in Earl Reed Silvers' books, but since many juvenile series have similarities, I didn't give it much thought. When I actually began to read one of the stories (*Yank Brown, Forward*), that feeling of familiarity only grew stronger, but I still thought little of it.

Then, on Page 159 of that book, in the midst of a basketball game between *Yank Brown's* Belmont College team and the team from Albert College, there it was:

"The rumbling in the Rariton (sic) stands renewed itself." Raritan College? How did Dick Arnold's school get into this *Yank Brown* story? The sentence made perfect sense, if the "Rariton" was changed to "Belmont." In fact, everything else about the page, including the characters' names and the description of the action, made sense as well. Only one word was wrong — "Belmont" College had become "Rariton" College.

Silvers and Stone were contemporaries. Each wrote books in the school/sports genre. Both heroes attending dear old dad's college could be merely a coincidence. But being from Kansas is more than a little unusual. But for the unlikely name "Raritan College" to suddenly appear in another series with such similarities seems to be a pattern, as opposed to a coincidence.

While I have never seen any indication that either David Stone or Earl Reed Silvers was a pseudonym, I will jump to the conclusion that they were, for at least one volume, the same writer. In addition, since *Yank Brown* is described as being from a small town in Kansas in *Yank Brown, Halfback* (as was Dick Arnold) and the "Rariton slip" occurs in *Yank Brown, Forward*, it seems likely that was the case for more than just one volume.

Has the possibility that Earl Reed Silvers and David Stone were one and the same been raised before? I would be interested in knowing if anyone else has information as to this possibility.

Sincerely,
Greg Foltz (PF-923)
437 S. Blackstone Ave.
LaGrange, IL 60525

Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

By Percy K. Fitzhugh
Illustrated by Bert Salg

PEE-WEE HARRIS, Super-Scout, Patrol Leader Extraordinary, and self-appointed protector of all who needed his assistance, has taken a keen interest in an old man who lived on a derelict barge with his grandson Sammy. This old barge captain, Pop Rossey, made a precarious living by carving knick-knacks, but his barge was perfectly fascinating to the impressible Pee-Wee. He decides that Pop shall exhibit his wares at the annual bazaar. He tries to sell the idea to the Girl Scouts who are working on the project, and the opposition only strengthens Pee-Wee's determination.

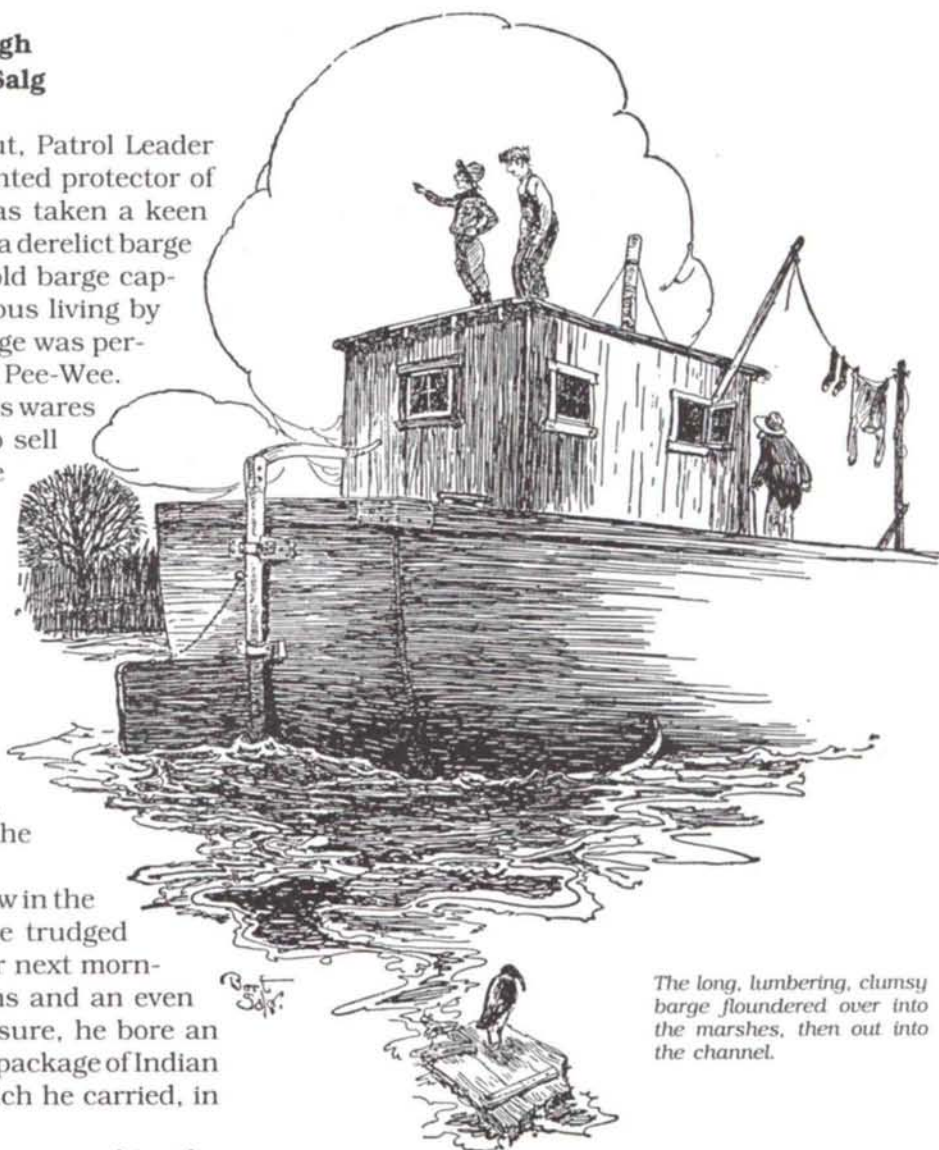
Part II

HERE the trails divide and if you are a girl you can follow Elsie and her giggling group in the furtherance of the grand three-day event, which was to put East Village on the map.

But if you are a boy you will follow in the manly footsteps of Pee-Wee as he trudged down across the fields to the river next morning, with a heavy load in his arms and an even heavier load on his mind. To be sure, he bore an apple pie, to cans of salmon, and a package of Indian meal to palliate the sad news which he carried, in addition to his ominous scowl.

"I got a lot of things," said Pee-Wee on reaching the barge, "and I'm going to stay here all day and we're going to have lunch and maybe even I'll stay to supper and show you how to make fritters only I haven't got any raisins but I got a lot of peanuts and maybe these will do. Gee whiz, we don't have to worry."

The little house on the barge seemed cozy enough and Pee-Wee could think of no greater joy than spending the day here and talking with the old man and his grandson as they worked. For Pop Rossey's discouraging experience had not caused him to relax in turning out his odd handiwork. He sat on a box whittling away, with fresh shavings all about him. "It's good to have a stock ready," he said, "maybe they'll go big at that ruction." By which he meant the bazaar.



The long, lumbering, clumsy barge floundered over into the marshes, then out into the channel.

"And I got a clean shirt I'm going to wear there," said Sammy. "We're going to build a counter like and put up a sign that says THE HARBOR. Isn't that a good idea for a booth? And grandpa says you can stand there and call the people because you've got a good loud voice."

"Girls, they don't even hear loud voices," said Pee-Wee darkly. "All they can do is talk crazy nonsense and giggle."

This seemed an unfavorable comment on the people with whom Pop Rossey was expecting to cooperate, but he was too guileless to sense the drift of Pee-Wee's talk.

"Gee whiz, I won't be a sissy and bother with

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Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

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bazaars," the baffled promoter announced.

"Ain't we going to go there?" inquired the simple Sammy.

"No, because they haven't got sense enough," said Pee-Wee. "All they could do was make fun of me when I asked them. I'll get even with them all right, you see. Alot they care about good turns! Anyway we got some eats and I'm going to stay here; even I'll be here every day because this is Easter Vacation."

THIS sequel seemed a Waterloo indeed after Pee-Wee's initial triumph over the minion of the law, and poor old Pop Rossey seemed crestfallen. "I guess maybe, Sammy, we better drift downstream and in the bay some tug or other will give us a haul. Maybe if the inspectors takes the barge because it's condemned, they might leave us have this deck-house still; we might put it up in a lot somwheres, Sammy."



Pee-Wee trudged across the fields with a heavy load in his arms and a heavier load on his mind.

It touched even the stout heart of Pee-Wee to hear these hapless wanderers considering their predicament. The poor old man and his condemned barge had apparently staked all on the hope of being unmolested up this unfrequented river. Now it appeared that he could not peddle his wares in the town and could not afford to be towed down to the bay. He might drift down on the tide, but his unpiloted barge would be picked up floundering in the harbor and probably taken away from him.

Whichever way old Pop Rossey looked he saw only the dreaded poorhouse and separation from his grandchild, his companion and the object of his gentle care. There was something pathetic, nay heroic, about his last despairing attempt to stave off the inevitable by utilizing his skill at sailor's handiwork. And here he was, marooned up a strange river, sitting in this little deck-house, his only home, amid a very ocean of savings and surrounded by these quaint products of his jack-knife.

Perhaps he and Sammy had exaggerated, the possibility of profits at the bazaar. But if they could not earn much there, at least they did not need much, and they would be in a harbor safe from the meddlesome hands of the authorities. There was no dissembling their keen disappointment.

"Don't you care," said Pee-Wee, never daunted. "I'll get even with them. And anyway Sammy and I are going up into town and try to sell some of these things to the stores and I'll bet we'll get some money that way. You wait and see."

THIS seemed a good idea and that afternoon the two went up to the business section of the town, each with a windmill and a lighthouse. But they returned at evening having sold but one which Pee-Wee had succeeded in placing with YE RIVERSIDE GIFT SHOPPE for thirty-five cents.

In almost every shop window in town was an attractive card calling attention to the forthcoming "Grand Bazaar and Festival" in East Village.

"I guess we better drift downstream, hey Sammy?" said the old man that evening. "Maybe if it was Christmas time we could sell some but we don't seem to have no luck. Wouldn't you think, now, folks would take to them things? Such crazy junk they go in for nowadays? Brass things and all such like. Well, folks is funny and most of the things one tries to do is against the law. Wouldn't you say they was kind of odd and pretty like, now?" he asked of Pee-Wee.

"They don't even know how to spell SHOP," said Pee-Wee indignantly. "Gee whiz, the don't even know the spell it with one P. And they think they're

so smart using the word YE — that shows how ignorant they are.”

“We’ll drift down on the tide tomorrow, Sammy. And you are a good little friend to us, I’ll say that,” the old man added, addressing Pee-Wee.

“If you have to go to a Home I’m coming to see you,” said the stout-hearted little hero. “I don’t care where it is, I’m coming to see you and I’m coming down here early tomorrow morning and I’m going to drift down with you, and I don’t care where I get off, I’ll come home in the train. So will you let me?”

“I guess your mammy will have something to say about that.”

“Do you think I don’t know how to handle mothers?” Pee-Wee thundered. “Gee whiz, and fathers too. Didn’t you see the way I even handled a cop?”

He discreetly refrained from any reference to his astonishing skill in handling bazaar committees.

PEE-WEE trudged home heavy hearted. There was a vein of the true adventurer in his sturdy make-up, he loved odd places and queer outlandish people, and he had enjoyed every minute of his acquaintance with this hapless pair.

On reaching home he found his long suffering household in the sun-parlor and lost no time in denouncing them.

“You’d better go up and wash your hands and face before supper, Walter,” said Mrs. Harris. “I do wish you’d come in more promptly.”

“Don’t throw your hat on the couch,” said Elsie; “and don’t sit down on it either. Can’t you see I’m laying my things there?”

“Tomorrow I won’t be here at all,” said Pee-Wee darkly.

“Thank goodness for that,” said Elsie.

“And I’m not going to the bazaar either, and you needn’t expect me to come down and get you,” warned the hero.

“Where are you going tomorrow, Walter?” his father asked, not looking up from his paper.

“I’m going with Sammy and Pop Rossey on the barge,” said Pee-Wee. “They’re going to drift down on the tide and down at the brickyards, he says most likely there’ll be a tug going down and they will tow us. Anyway they’re going to get down to the bay somehow because tug captains do good turns even if they don’t get paid for it, because they all know Pop Rossey. And you needn’t say I can’t go because two Boy Scouts went with the Martin Johnson expedition to wildest Africa and one Boy Scout went with Commander Byrd to the South Pole and one was going to go up with Lindbergh only he didn’t because Lindbergh didn’t start so he wasn’t to blame and two of them

were lost in the Adirondacks for five days and one fell down a cliff all by himself in the Rockies — that shows,” he paused for air at the conclusion of this masterful argument. “Even I was going to go with the Martin Johnsons myself, he added. “Even that’s what the word Scout means — going places alone.”

“May I ask how you expect to come back?” asked his father.

“I’m coming back by train” said Pee-Wee, “and if you say a Boy Scout can’t go alone in a train that proves how much you don’t know about *Scouting* — *geeeee whiz!*”

“I wish you wouldn’t say *gee whiz* so much, Walter,” said his mother.

“Do you know what the *head man* of the Boy Scouts said?” Pee-Wee thundered. “He said a Scout can’t get lost if he has a tongue in his head —”

“Well you certainly have that,” said Elsie.

“So I’m going to go down the river with them because finding is keeping and I invented them — I mean discovered them — and they’re going away because girls are so mean they won’t let them come in the bazaar to sell their things.”

“Your idea is to be put ashore somewhere down in New York and come back by train; is that it?” “Sure and a barge can’t sink anyway even if it floated to Europe —”

“Well, I don’t know as there’s any particular danger in it,” said the doctor, always inclined to be considerate and reasonable.

“Gee whiz, Pop Rossey, even he used to go after whales,” said Pee-Wee. “Even he went around Cape Horn in a schooner. Even he got bitten by a *shark*.”

“Well, said the doctor, I’d think I’d like to meet such a fine old salt as Pop Rossey —”

“Heavens, don’t let Walter bring him here,” said Elsie. “He’s just an old peddler, and I think it’s *ridiculous* —”

“Well, I’ll stroll down there with Walter in the morning,” said Dr. Harris, “and meet our old friend. I don’t think the adventure sounds so tremendously hazardous but I do think I’d like to see Walter off.”

“You see him that way now,” said Elsie sweetly. “He’s always *off*.”

“You’ll have to get up at six o’clock,” said Pee-Wee, “because the tide starts down about seven.”

“I think I’m scout enough to do that,” said the doctor.

“And I’m going to take some crullers too,” said Pee-Wee. “And I’m going to take two cans of beans and I’m going to take some potatoes to roast them.”

“Well, don’t you take any more sugar,” said Elsie,

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Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

(Continued from Page 11)

"because I want lots and lots of it to make candy tomorrow night."

With customary wisdom and foresight, Pee-Wee had selected his father with great care. With his terrible son Doctor Harris was always cooperative and tactful. He checked things up without appearing to do so. Pee-Wee often boasted that he had a "dandy father" and it sometimes seemed as if he believed himself to be the inventor of this patient and understanding guardian. The doctor seldom opposed any obstacles to Pee-Wee's tumultuous career. He witnessed the turmoil with amusement.

So the next morning the doctor strolled down across the fields with the hero who trudged manfully under a burden of commissary stores. And Pee-Wee, mighty Scout though he was, never suspected that his father had any other purpose than to gaze in awe upon a creature who had sailed around Cape Horn and been bitten by a shark.

But whatever secret purpose lay behind the doctor's visit to Pee-Wee's latest friends and favorite retreat, he seemed fully reassured. Nay, even his kindly sympathy was aroused at sight of the poor old man and the wistful boy surrounded by their unavailing handiwork. There was, indeed, something whimsical and touching about the pair. Through their fantastic hopes of profit from these motley toys he could see only the shadow of the public institutions which they so dreaded.

"Well," said the doctor cheerily, "life's a funny thing."

"I might do yet only for my rheumatism," said Pop Rossey. "And folks, it's hard to know what they'll want now, hey? Me, I learned to do these things when we'd be becalmed hunting sperm whales. Would you believe I sold a many of 'em in Australia. Whale's teeth, I could care you a pretty picture on 'em and get ten dollars in some ports. Well, and I could carve earrings out of shells too. Sammy's mother, such a pair I made for her. Didn't I, Sammy? I was telling this youngster all about them old whaling days. Now I tremble at one of them po-licemen. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad in a poorhouse, hey? Only Sammy, I don't just like to leave him. I says to him maybe he'll be fetched up good, least ways. The trouble is, mister, you got to know how to sell these. Making them, that's not so hard. Well, we got a lot of 'em hey, Sammy. They's just like the big ones in Holland."

"Well, good luck to both of you," said Doctor Harris.

"This boy is a fine youngster," said Pop.

"Well, you send him safely back," said the youngster's father.

It seemed to Doctor Harris that poor old Pop Rossey's immediate plans were somewhat hazy. He gathered that the old man was known and kindly thought of by all the tugboat men of the harbor, one or another of whom he was pretty likely to encounter in the lower reaches of the river. His only hope seemed to be, to be picked up by one of the good Samaritans and towed to shore in the city where his dilapidated old barge would be taken from him. First and last the law seemed too much for poor old Pop Rossey.

That Pee-Wee, having witnessed this sequel to the old man's despairing efforts, would come safely home, his father had not the slightly doubt.

HE WAS so touched with the pathos of the situation that he was able to see his sturdy little son somewhat in the light of a hero though of course he chuckled at the thought of Pee-Wee being in the least way instrumental in solving the old man's problem.

"Seems to me you might have let the poor old fellow try his luck in your shindig," he said to Elsie on his return. "You're asking everybody for help; you might render a little."

"I never heard of anything so perfectly ridiculous!" gasped Elsie, calling her mother to witness. "An old street peddler, and you want us to take him up! You're about as absurd as Walter. He wouldn't sell many of his toys there anyway."

"No, perhaps not," said her father in a tone of half interest. "But the poor old codger might have sold enough to buy a night's lodging or two in New York. Goodness knows what he's going to do. A nice boy, too, that grandson. Poor old fellow."

MEANWHILE, the baffled philanthropist was braving the angry waves of the Bridgeboro River, sailing away in pride and scorn from a shore which had nothing to offer in charity but giggles.

The kindly tide bore them down stream without any escort fee. The long, lumbering, clumsy barge floundered over into the marshes, then out again into the channel and proceeded now sideways, now sternforemost and occasionally bow foremost.

There was no way to make it go, but this difficulty was compensated for by the fact that there was no way to make it stop.

The scene of their gallant progress so far was the upper river where the stream pursued a serpentine course through woodland and pleasant meadows, with bordering estates. Once past

Big Kink, which was the last bend, the meandering stream pursued a fairly straight course down to the bay, running for several miles between abrupt shores.

Like most towns that grow up along rivers, Bridgeboro was long and narrow, and seemed a larger town than it was, because it stretched for such a distance along the shore. Once around Big Kink the barge was expected to proceed straight down under the bridge which connected Bridgeboro and East Village.

Big Kink occupies a place in Pee-Wee's history comparable that of San Salvador in this history of that other renowned navigator, Christopher Columbus. It was the first place on which he set foot in his spectacular cruise. And it was here that he first encountered natives.

At Big Kink the river made an almost right-angle turn. Then, a couple of hundred feet below it made another freakish turn, and then went straight on down under the bridge like a dignified orderly river. The "kink" was like a big S. In the first turn of this kink was a pleasant stretch of woodland along the curving shore, popular with the boys of Bridgeboro, for the bathing and fishing were good here. If one climbed a tree at this spot he could see the bridge around the cor-

ner so to say, and would realize what a long course the river took to go a very short distance.

SO SLOW had been the progress of the Colbert C. Rossey that it was mid-afternoon when the unwieldy barge, distaining to make the turn with the river, floated sternforemost against the wooded shore with a resounding bump and began performing its customary maneuver of swinging around. But an ominous grating sound informed the gallant crew that its keel was on the bottom of the river. So there it stood with the tide running out safe in the welcoming of Big Kink Bend and settling more securely every minute on the gravelly bed of the stream.

"Here we are till next flood tide," said Pop Rossey. "Ain't that bad luck now? I thought the channel ran close into shore. Would you think she's behave quite so bad, now? Well, here we are, as the feller says. We don't need no anchor, that's sure."

"It's a nice place to stay," said Sammy; "all woods-like."

"It's Kinky Grove," said Pee-Wee. "I know it. Don't I even go swimming here? It's kind of beachy, the shore is here."

"She's touched everything she seen, and then she touched bottom," said the old man.

"She bumped everything but the sky," said Sammy.

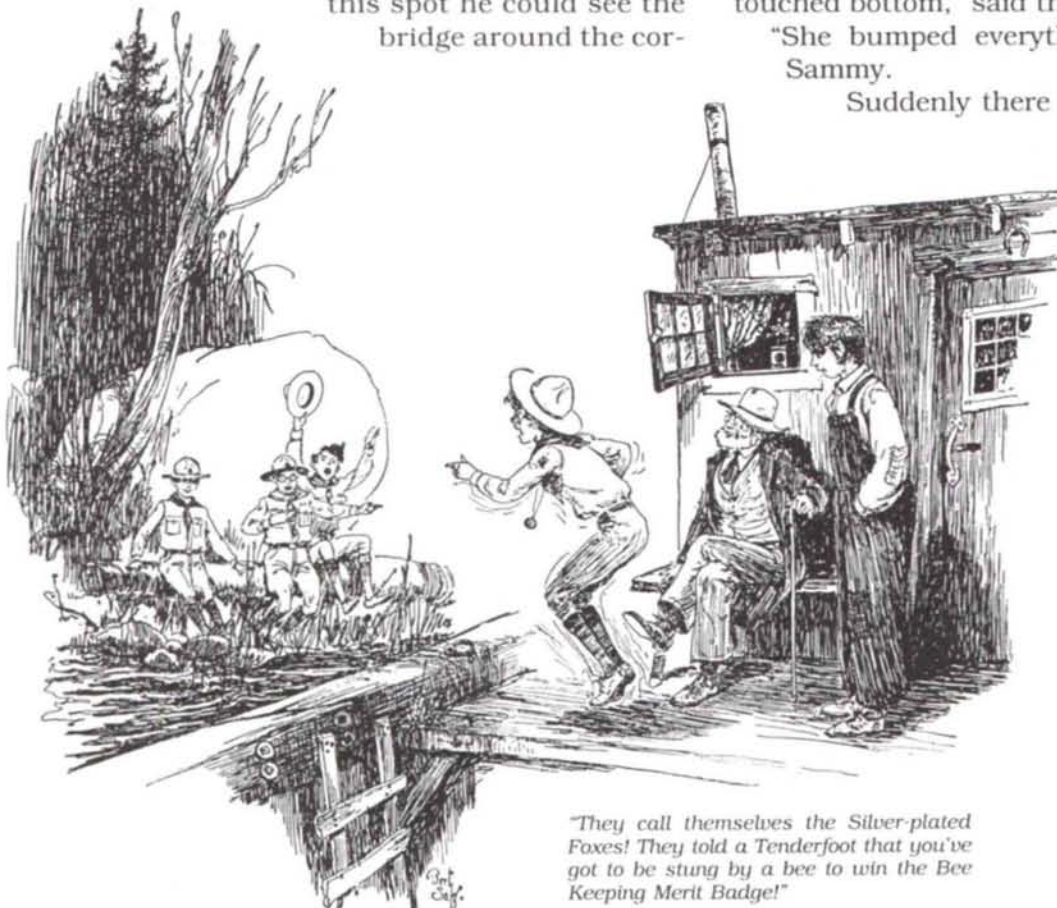
Suddenly there arose out of the woods a merry voice which startled the hero as he sat on the bench outside the deck house.

"Look who's here," it called joyously. "Look up on that old barge! The ex-Ship-skunk! Hey kid, do you want to buy a ticket for a bazaar? They're going to have eats and everything. Hey, Warde, look where he's sitting up on that old scow. See him?"

There was no doubt about it; it was the voice of Pee-Wee's arch enemy, that uproarious Scout, Roy Blakeley.

"Now we're going to have trouble," said Pee-Wee ominously. "That's

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"They call themselves the Silver-plated Foxes! They told a Tenderfoot that you've got to be stung by a bee to win the Bee Keeping Merit Badge!"

Pee-Wee Harris, Warrior Bold

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Roy Blakeley and two other Silver Foxes, and they're the worst of the whole Troop."

"If there isn't P. Harris as large as life if not much smaller," Roy carolled forth in his most bantering tone. "Hey, what's that you got underneath you kid? Move away so we can see it. Oh it's a barge! Look at the barge underneath Pee-Wee! How come and if so *why*, kid?"

"Hey, Husky Harris, where did you come from?" called Warde Hollister. "We've been hunting all over for you and had dandy luck not find you. We wanted you to take a long hike."

"Hey what have you been doing; joining the Sea Scouts, kid?" called Hunt.

"Don't get over too much to the side of that thing or it will tip over," said Warde. "What are you trying to do, anyway; push the shore out of the way?"

"Gee, what a big long barge!" said Hunt.

"Why shouldn't it be?" shouted Roy. "The two ends are so far apart — that's the reason. Hey, kid, do you want to take a chance on a Ford coupe for the grand bazaar? We're working for the Impunity Club. It's doughnuttled by —"

"You mean *donated*!" Pee-Wee screamed. "Why don't you talk sense in front of a feller that maybe is going to join the Scouts some day; ain't you Sammy? And besides, even I wouldn't take a chance on it — not to help those people over there that wouldn't even do a good turn and let the people that own this barge sell things at their bazaar that they cut with their jack-knives and this man used to hunt whales even —"

"He didn't get much of a whale when he found *you*," Warde called merrily.

"Maybe he thought you were cut out with a jack-knife," said Roy. "Come on, fellow sprouts, let's sit down; this is going to be good."

These members of the Silver Fox Patrol loved nothing better than to make a discovery of Pee-Wee's latest fad and "guy" him along these lines in order to enjoy the reverberating thunder. This was their mischievous habit, and they were never at a loss for material since Pee-Wee was always absorbed in some new and mighty scheme. His vulnerable point at present was the bazaar. And his mighty antagonism to the gentle sex was well known. For he scorned everything gentle.

So now these comrades on mirthful pleasure bent, perceiving his latest obsession, proceeded to dwell on that. Thought it should be said that their services had been seductively enlisted by the enter-

prising maidens of East Village. These hilarious scouts were indeed selling chances and admission tickets. Nay, they had even sunk so low and so far forgotten their primitive wildness that they were to superintend the raffle of a gorgeous kewpie doll. Not only that (which was bad enough) but they had erected two booths and a box office at the entrance of the grounds.

"Hey kid, we're going to have all the candy that's left over," called Warde. "They're going to give us the lemonade tent, too," called Hunt. "We're going to put it up on Roy's lawn."

"If you happen to be passing up my way we'd be glad to see you — pass," shouted Roy. "They're going to give us all the decorations, too, when the jigamaree is over — flags and everything. Hey, Wardie, aren't they going to give us the tent? It's a dandy one."

At this moment the core of the apple which Pee-Wee had been eating flew down under terrific impetus and caught Roy plunk in his hilarious face.

"I was just struck by an idea," he said, wiping his cheek. "Let's —"

"Yes and you'll be struck by another one," Pee-Wee roared. "I got a whole basket of apples up here and I don't care how many I eat. Even two of them are rotten, so you better look out."

"Hey, kid, you should throw the core first and eat the apple afterwards," Warde called up.

"Sure," said Roy hilariously. "It's the same as a rabbit only different. He don't pile up any earth when he digs a hole because he begins at the other end; you learn that in Scouting, I'll leave it to Warde."

"I'll leave it to your crazy, laughing, hyena face," screamed Pee-Wee as he let fly an untouched apple which was all that he had claimed for it in the matter of rottenness.

"Hey, look out for Pee-Wee," Hunt shouted up to the greatly amused Sammy. "You ought to hang a red lantern on him he's dangerous."

"*Now* he sees what you are! *Now* he sees what you are!" Pee-Wee screamed, alluding to Sammy.

Indeed, Sammy did see what they were and he liked them. Up to the time of their arrival he had supposed that the Scouts were strange, awesome beings, wearing heroic uniforms and living lives quite beyond his reach. He knew they went camping and he supposed that this cost fabulous sums of money. He knew that newspapers printed things about them. He had never dreamed that he would be brought very close to them. He only knew he was very close to an orphan asylum. And to this poor little dweller on a disused barge, who seldom set foot on land, the very name of Boy Scouts was like something magic.

Well, now he had not only seen them face to face, but they had even dared to call him to witness in their banter of the terrible Pee-Wee. He had stood in awe of Pee-Wee from the first. But they did not seem to stand in awe of him at all; far from it.

"Hey kid," called Roy, with some semblance of seriousness, "come ahead, desert the ship, then it'll float right off. You're all that's holding it down. Come on and help us sell tickets, people will buy them from you to get rid of you. Honest, they're going to give us the tent afterwards. Haven't you got any civic spirit? Scouts are supposed to aid, especially lemonade. Don't be a slacker. You ought to like East Village, it's almost as small as you are."

"Sure, and it can make as much noise as you can," said Warde. "You can bring that feller with you if you want to. We're going over to-night to help on the candy booth."

"Sure," said Roy, "and tomorrow we're going to dig for marshmallows in the marsh. Come ahead, be a rooster —"

"He means a booster," said Hunt.

"What do I care what I mean?" said Roy. "A Scout is never mean, he's meaningless. Come ahead,

Scout Harris. The three of us are working together and you can be with us — we'll be four of the Three Musketeers."

"Sure, we can stand it if you can," said Warde.

"You can go and help 'em for all I care," shouted Pee-Wee, "and can sell your old tickets even I wouldn't buy any of them for nothing. Even if they were free I wouldn't buy them! I'm going down to New York on this barge, gee whiz, I know how to be a Scout and stick to people that I'm loyal to, even if people that are supposed to help poor people don't do it — even I got to be loyal to the last ones I started sticking up for, no matter what, even if Scouts stick up for the ones that wouldn't help, then I don't have to be loyal to them — that isn't what it means in Law Two, I can prove it."

"Explain all that," said Roy. But by now this merry trio, having satisfied their mischievous desire to see Pee-Wee in action, ambled up through the woods, shoving each other this way and that by way of entertaining themselves. And Pee-Wee's concluding bit of oratory (which was a gem) was lost upon the desert air.

(To be continued in November-December Newsboy)

WANTED

Alger books by the publishers Winston, Loring, Porter & Coates

Title name

The Young Circus Rider
Sink or Swim
Luck & Pluck
The Young Miner
The Young Musician
Herbert Carter's Legacy
Sam's Chance
In a New World
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The following Alger books are for sale. All items postpaid.

Title	Publisher	Condition	Price
<i>Andy Grant's Pluck</i> (original serialization, 1895, bound)	Argosy	G	\$95
<i>Ben, the Luggage Boy</i> (mauve, later edition)	Loring	G+	\$35
<i>Fame and Fortune</i> (mauve, later edition)	Loring	G-	\$35
<i>From Canal Boy to President</i>	McKay	G	\$20
<i>Life of Edwin Forrest</i> (1st, 2 vols.)	Lippincott	G+	\$225
<i>Mark Mason's Victory</i> (1st)	Burt	G	\$35
<i>Paul, the Peddler</i> (original serialization, 1871, unbound)	Student and Schoolmate	G	\$120
<i>Timothy Crump's Ward</i> (limited edition, 47/200)	Loring (Westgard)	Ex	\$35
<i>Young Book Agent</i>	Mershon	G+	\$25
<i>Young Miner</i> (limited edition of 450 copies, fine printing)	Book Club of California	Ex	\$85
<i>Young Outlaw</i> (1st, mauve, several small stickers)	Loring	G	\$110

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